



Why?



👁 25 ✓ 1 ★ 2

Chapter 1 by nighteye

Why?

Who are you?

I stare into the cold blue eyes of the man standing in front of me.

What have you done?

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



"I haven't done a thing," he replies all too casually, sitting on the foot of my bed. "The question is, what have /you/ done?"

"Me?" I should be running. A strange man is in your bedroom and appears to be cornering you; that's your first instinct, right? But I felt rooted. He had some sort of power over me, either literally or figuratively. Personally, I was hoping I wouldn't find out.

"Yes, you. Haven't you noticed any...changes?" His eyes flashed over to my arm. I drew it closer to my body in shock. How could he have possibly known?

"They're just freckles," I muttered under my breath. I was suddenly very tired. Couldn't this wait for the morning.

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"Yes," he mused. "Freckles
yes? What? Was I wrong?"

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I'm sure that's normal.

"How do you know about all of that?"

"Why wouldn't I?"

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